

The Sexiest Pie Maker Alive*

Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST

AUGUST 2009

WAR

300 THINGS WE
DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT

40 HOURS OF HELL

GERARD BUTLER

THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN BEGINS AGAIN

BY C.J. CHIVERS

BUSH. WEB. BUT STILL...

PAGE 108

HOW TO DRINK TEQUILA

PAGE 34

BUY SMALL
CAPS NOW
PAGE 44



PAGE 74

SEX ADVICE
PAGES 42-43

WHEN'S THE RIGHT TIME TO
STEAM YOUR SACKET?
ASK JACK
PAGES 51-52

THREE OF
THE BEST
PAGES

57 REASONS TO
LOOK FORWARD
TO FALL
PAGES 72-73

\$3.99

0 8>



www.
esquire
.com

If you want to see the future
of the automobile, just look at
where the E-Class is today.

Introducing the all-new E-Class S



Two completely different cars, yet two equally powerful statements. The muscular 2-door E-Class Coupe features a smooth, pitiless and flowing profile, while the E-Class Sedan boasts a broad stance and fluidly spacious interior.

One of the most advanced sedans on the planet. And one of the most aerodynamic coupes ever to take to the road. With the launch of these two new E-Class vehicles comes the launch of a new era in automotive engineering and design.

TECHNOLOGY UNITES WITH HUMAN INTUITION AS NEVER BEFORE.

The control panel of your new E-Sedan illuminates and, right before your eyes, the very future of the automobile comes to life. As you drive, your car



makes a careful study of your actions to form a profile of your unique driving habits. Sensors monitor each wheel, each vehicle movement and each driving maneuver.

NOT JUST NEW SYSTEMS, BUT A WHOLE NEW ERA IN SAFETY.

Perhaps you unknowingly drift into the lane beside you. Your Mercedes-Benz advanced lane departure warning system, Lane Keeping Assist, performs hundreds of calculations in real time to





GIORGIO ARMANI



GIORGIO ARMANI



Celebrate their odyssey into space at louisvuittonjourneys.com

Some journeys change mankind forever. Sally Ride, first American woman in space... Buzz Aldrin, Apollo 11, first steps on the moon in 1969. Jim Lovell, Apollo 13, commander

Louis Vuitton is proud to support The Clinton Project

LOUIS VUITTON



There is very little
that cannot be solved
by buying the next round.

**GIVE YOURSELF
A GOOD NAME™**

 **Heineken**

SHAMPOO

SHOWER

SHAVE

ACTIVE3



Get more done in the shower
with the extraordinary lather of
NIVEA's first 3 IN 1 shower gel.

WHAT MEN WANT

NIVEA
FOR MEN



Enter the...Work Smarter, Play Harder Sweepstakes
at NIVEAFORMENusa.com/3ksweeps

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Sweepstakes begins 12:00 PM EDT, 12/1/07, and ends at 11:59 PM EDT
for full official rules, go to: www.nivea.com/3ksweeps.
Sweepstakes sponsored by Nivea USA, Inc.

Tommy
Hilander

Viewings
Sponsored by AMC
Check your local listings.

Esquire CONTENTS

August 2008 / Vol. 102 / No. 2

54
THEY TOLD
ME TO ASK
FOR GIBBS

David Byrne
arrived in 2007 and
The Phoenix of the
Opera. His scores
have pleased hun-
dreds of millions
of dollars. There's
more to the man
than his Grammy
win.
By Rob Frenkel

104
AL COPELAND
PLANS TO
WING

A better way to
live in the city
than the city.
By Steve Lasker

74
HOW TO
BARE A PIR

As he has been
seen in the
city, he has been
seen in the city.
By Steve Lasker

ON THE JOB:

78
THE PARADOX
OF THE TRACK
Paradoxes and
what it means to
be a job.
By Chris Jones

83
THE MASTERS
OF THE MIND
AND THE MIND
OF CIVILIZATION
What's new,
what's old, what's
new.
By Chris Jones

87
LET THE
CHICKEN DO
THE WORK
And what to
do with the
chick who built
the place.
By David Byrne

90 ARE YOU THERE, JER?
IT'S ME, TUCKER

With no other
chickens to lead the flock
But a pretty good
chick to lead the flock.
By David Byrne

90 WHAT I'VE LEARNED:
FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA

"I have more of a word-
association
than I do a film."
By David Byrne



83
THE LONG
WALK

For the first time
in the history of
the film, the film
is not a film.
By David Byrne

72
ST THINGS
HAPPENED
HAPPENED
HAPPENED

Apple, the
woman in the
film, is a new
film.
By David Byrne

Continued on page 10

BY THE CHIEF DESIGNER: DUSTY PRODUCTIONS. EXCLUSIVELY PRODUCED BY SAM BENTON. ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEFF BUCKLEY. WRITING
CUTTER: ANNEKA TAYLOR. PHOTOGRAPHY BY SALLY DOWLING FOR (TYPE) PHOTO PRODUCTIONS. STYLING BY ANNEKA TAYLOR. STYLING
MATTIALLY COORDINATING BY DORIS FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS MANAGEMENT. HAIR STYLING BY CHLOE GARCIA. FOR ART WORKS HOLLYWOOD.

THIS MONTH

Like *The Sound and the Fury*
 100 Editor's Letter

(continued from page 9)

**49
STYLE**

Three pieces of clothing you can wear all year Plus: Why Conley loves airplanes

**40
ANSWER
FELLA**

Childhood raised by monks and police emergency coordinator

**34
HEAR AT
HIS REVE
INSTRUCTIONS**

Reverend in his den, his church on tape, and his on Saturday Night's Charles

**32
FURRY
JOKE
FROM A
HEARTFUL
WOMAN**

By Ernest Hemingway

42 SEX

Immediate orgasm, original voice, and a husband more than should have asked all this

46 A THOUSAND WORDS

The demanding science of getting over. By Stephen Marche

92

ESQUIRE STYLE

Twelve designers, new collections, and new ideas about how we should dress this fall

36

**WIDE
CULTURE**

A conversation with Jeff Daniels the best line movie and a movie review from a critical, movie expert

118

**THIS MAY BE
THE BEST
THING THIS
MAY CAN DO**

That's a Kettle Cook. By Ross MacKenzie

PRO WRESTLER MEETS PROFESSOR



Whether you're looking for a new vehicle or a new way to get around, the Chevrolet Silverado is the answer. It's the most powerful, most reliable, and most versatile pickup truck in the world. The Ridgeline is the most powerful, most reliable, and most versatile pickup truck in the world.

For more information, visit chevrolet.com or call 1-800-950-CHEV.

THE RIDGELINE



THIS WAY IN

THE
HUNT
AND
THE
FEEL

The June issue only to send more of the things we looked for much to this summer big movies (pages) debuting and much of the series Megan Fox. Judging from your letters, we share a few interests.

WHAT YOU
WROTE ABOUT
(BY NUMBER)



Megan Fox



Super is hard to do living



Megan Fox should be



Love, really



Working with a friend

THE
COVER

THIS MONTH IN THE NEW YORK PEOPLE who love tattoos: page 14. People who love tattoos: page 14. More great photos: page 14 and 15. An interview with the guy who made it: page 12. A map of the world: page 16. Our last ever "What to Buy" column: page 17. And our first ever issue with the phrase "Weekend Edition": page 18.



ON THE TOPIC OF MEGAN FOX: A CLEAR CONSENSUS

The magazine, according to your letter, is a cover story on Megan Fox. (Good thing! Megan Fox is a cover story on Megan Fox.) The rest of the magazine is a collection of photos, mostly of Megan Fox, and a few other people. The rest of the magazine is a collection of photos, mostly of Megan Fox, and a few other people.

THANK YOU SO SO SO VERY VERY VERY VERY MUCH FOR THE MEGAN FOX VIDEO! JOESUS YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY YOU MADE SO MANY

MEN WWWWWWOOOOW! THAT'S ONE HOT VIDEO!

PETER McFARLAND
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Megan Fox is my idea of perfect: wide hips, nice breasts, and a face like Celine Dion. This spread is right up there with my all-time favorite. Can't wait to see her in *Wanted* (March 2008).

CHUCK PETER
Deadwood, Mass.

When I saw Megan on the cover, I immediately *gawped*. When I read that photographer Greg Williams had recorded video of her that you posted on your Web site, I just about fell over! I put my phone away to provide your readers with an HD version of the video so we could watch her in all her glory on our *gawped* Web site. I don't even own a high-def TV, but I'll help out the economy by purchasing one just to watch Megan in HD.

JAMIE J. FRASCONI
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

ON THE TOPIC OF MEGAN FOX'S TATTOOS: A GREAT DEBATE

Megan Fox is certainly attractive. But why do beautiful young women feel the need to have the most tattoos? I guess I'm just old-school, but when I think of tattoos, I think of a sailor on shore leave. God did his best work with the female body. Adding tattoos is like to painting a masterpiece.

JOE TAYLOR
Oxford Park, N.C.

Consensus:
Megan Fox is a
Latter Day Saint.
No kidding.

"Though covered by the occult, his balls are huge and he is Roman."



WORK HARD. PLAY HARDER. REPEAT.

FOR THOSE WHO LIVE IN THE MOMENT

"When I first started in the business my main focus was to not just make the world's best-selling cigars. My aim was to develop unique products as he shared during his most celebrated and memorable moments. Let the celebration begin!" — CHRISTIAN ERDO, THE CEO OF CIGARS

EST. 1999
CAMACHO
CIGARS

©2008 Camacho Cigars. All rights reserved. Camacho Cigars is a registered trademark of Camacho Cigars. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. This magazine is published weekly. For more information, visit www.camachocigars.com.



**THE ONLY CORNERS WE
CUT ARE ON THE PACK.**

THERE'S NO REAL PLEASURE IN TAKING
SHORTCUTS. FOR DAVIDOFF CIGARETTES,
OUR UNCOMPROMISING ATTITUDE STARTS
FROM THE GROUND UP WHERE CAREFULLY
SELECTED TOBACCO PLANTS PROVIDE ONLY
THE HIGHEST-GRADE LEAVES FOR OUR DEEPLY
RICH AND SATISFYING BLEND. SUPERIOR
PAPER IS SELECTED FOR A SMOOTHER, MORE
EVEN BURN, WHILE OUR WORLD-RENOUNDED
BITUMED EDGE PACK IS MADE TO PROTECT
THE UNIQUELY CRAFTED CIGARETTES INSIDE.
SOME MIGHT SAY THIS IS PURE INDULGENCE.

WE SAY, THAT'S EXACTLY THE POINT.

FOR A CLOSER LOOK, VISIT

LIFE IS RICH

Davidoff
CIGARETTES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight

Own the euphoria of taking the sunset for a ride. | Own the sky.



Grant your senses an incomparable experience at every turn. Feel the rush of a powerful 325-horsepower VVEL engine as it delivers breathtaking responsiveness. While a revolutionary Bose® Open Air Sound System automatically optimizes equalization and reduces the effects of unwanted outside noise, delivering a rich, immersive audio experience, hand up or down. There's no other ride quite like it. Learn more at InfinitiUSA.com or visit your Infiniti Retailer.

The all-new Infiniti G Convertible.



M

MAN

A

AT

H

HIS

B

BEST

The Vocabulary

Turns and thrills you will encounter in the pages that follow. (Slightly conservative)

small cap *n.* A STOCK CATEGORIZATION REFERRING TO COMPANIES WITH A VALUE BETWEEN EXACTLY \$500 MILLION AND \$1 BILLION. 2 A SEANB. (SEE PAGE 44.)

Fig. 1
Wipe of preventing someone from telling you in a place from being at least a halfway (SEE PAGE 10.)

Make call the whole

Head about

Wear necklace

Head about head

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side

Wear on one side



The head



The head



The head



The head

Fig. 2

HEAD DANCING *n.* Limited physical response of the head and neck to the beat during a live musical performance. Popular among young white audiences. (SEE PAGE 20.)



Fig. 4

lowlands *n.* THE AREA OF TEQUILA PRODUCTION ("A") TO THE WEST OF GUADALAJARA, MEXICO. RESPONSIBLE FOR FINEST EARTHLY TEQUILAS. (SEE PAGE 35.)

lowlands *n.* The area of tequila production ("B") to the west of Guadalajara, Mexico. Responsible for bright, acidic tequilas. (SEE PAGE 35.)



Fig. 3

CEREBRAL VISIT *n.* A means of rewarding a well-behaved prisoner by which he or she is granted privilege to engage in romantic activity. 2 Sex granted by a wife or girlfriend to a man who at the moment is in deserving of such charity. (SEE PAGE 42.)

REFUSADO *adj.* Spanish for "refused." Mexican for "delicious." (SEE PAGE 38.)

8/31 *adj.* Of a growing pop culture subgenre dealing with the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. Related subgenres include "post-9/11" and "pre-9/11." (SEE PAGE 27.)

Explosion of the Month

SHAME TO SEE HOW IT'S IN back to convert a penalty and immediately take full responsibility for an offensive action. Shame when accidentally insulting your boss. Or not noticing your girlfriend's new haircut. Or overcooking a steak. Etc. (SEE PAGE 28.)



*In the lab of life
there are no second impressions.*



*Gillette has over 100 years of field research on men's skin and hair.
Our grooming products for your face, body and hair are performance-tested in the lab of life
to help you look, feel and be your best.*

www.gillette.com



Gillette
The Best a Man Can Get™

Funny* Joke from a Beautiful Woman

AS TOLD BY

Shantel VanSanten

A GUY IS SITTING on his sofa when he hears a knock at the door. He opens the door and sees a snail on the porch. He picks up the snail and throws it as far as he can. Three years later, there's a knock at the door. He opens it and sees the same snail. The snail says, "What the hell was that all about?"

ABOUT THE JOKESTERS

Shantel VanSanten's career began in 2005, when she was cast in NBC's Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Show. In one of the more perverse misadventures of pop culture, following her starring role, she was eliminated in week one. Vindication is coming four years later, now that the 24-year-old Titan is starring in two films. The first is *The Final Destination*, out this month. We haven't seen it yet, but she sums it up for us this way: "That's my ass in a 3-D sex scene. I'm 'Good'! Later this year, she stars in *Now and Then*, about two teenagers—Michelle (VanSanten) and Vanessa (VanSanten)—who take a road-trip. *Snail*, that one is in 3-D. —CHRIS PRICE

*ESQUIRE CANNOT GUARANTEE THAT THIS JOKE WILL BE FUNNY TO EVERYONE



*In the lab of life first dates can be clean starts.
Now let's talk body wash.*



New Gillette Hydra-Scrub® Body Wash

FINALLY A POWERFUL CLEAN WITHOUT DRY SKIN. It has Power Beads to scrub away dirt while hydrators lock in moisture so you can focus on more important things. Another thing we've learned in the lab of life.

www.gillette.com

Gillette
The Best a Man Can Get™

DOLCE & GABBANA

light blue



ADVERTISEMENT



TEAR UP THE DRAGON BERRY

Introducing BACARDI® DRAGON BERRY™, strawberry rum infused with dragonfruit, the first and only of its kind. This unique infusion combines ripe juicy dragonfruits and sweet, exotic dragonfruit for a brilliant and memorable taste. Try BACARDI® DRAGON BERRY™ with ginger ale or hot dragon™ to 65579 for more recipes.

bacardi/flowers.com
[facebook.com/bacardiDragonberry](https://www.facebook.com/bacardiDragonberry)



Enjoy Our Product Responsibly. ©2008 Bacardi and the related service registered trademarks and the Dragon Berry design are a trademark of Bacardi & Company Limited. Bacardi U.S.A., Inc. Miami, FL. Pure Spirituality™ - 35% ALC. BY VOL.

WATERMILL SUMMER CONCERT

The second annual Watermill Summer Concert will bring together three exceptional artists as an outdoor stage at the Watermill for performance founded by Robert Wilson.

Mattia Walmeright will showcase material from her new project of new Edith Piaf songs, collaboration with Håkan Weller. The absolute highlight will be Rufus Wainwright and Norah Jones, two of today's most beautiful pop voices, singing together for the first time.

Last year's concert was an instant sell-out and was debily become one of the highlights in the Hampton summer season. Hundreds of music lovers including Calvin Klein, Hanna Suglow, Steven Klein and Antikoni Hovard were delighted out over the south lawn sipping champagne and listening to sublime live music.

Last Song at Summer will take place at 5:00 PM on Saturday, August 29.

To purchase tickets, please log on to www.watermillcenter.org/interior/lastsong.php or call 212 253 7484 ext 18.



Top left: © 2008 Photo: David Harris. Bottom Photography: © 2008 Photo: David Harris. Bottom: © 2008 Photo: David Harris.



FLEETWOOD WINDOWS & DOORS

Fleetwood Windows & Doors has been manufacturing aluminum products for almost 50 years. Fleetwood is proud of its California roots and believes in helping support the American dream of success by relying on this country's ingenuity and work ethic. The company continues to place a bet of top quality and innovative designs, while taking the industry lead in providing responsible products that exceed global-made and demands.

For more information, visit www.FleetwoodUSA.com



FLEETWOOD
WINDOWS & DOORS
www.fleetwoodusa.com



**WANT?
NEED?**
SAME DIFFERENCE

Starting at \$29,930. The attraction of the all-new Nissan 370Z[®] is far more than physical. With its staggering 332 horsepower, the world's first SynchroRev Match Manual Transmission[®] and finely crafted interior, every detail only makes you want it more. Or is it need? Look Closer. Nissan Delivers at NissanUSA.com.



As shown, \$8,888, plus? Travel with Sport Package. Price up to \$100 excluding tax, plus? towing and electronic tags. Excludes actual price. *Available during. Always wear your seat belt, and please don't drink and drive. © 2008 Nissan North America, Inc.

(Inexpensive, high-quality hardware) do exist. (See the Ultimate Case Studies) 00 (\$50: ultimatecases.com) They aren't sophisticated enough to sound as good as professional computer files, so if you're in the land of personal efforts, share with the downloading to Miller's Island, there won't be for you. But if you spend more when spending situations, the Metrolife 00 is a fine choice.

EQUINE AIRBORN TRILL

YOUR HEADSET CANNOT BE USED AS A FLOTATION DEVICE

But it could protect your sanity. Our frequently airborne gadget
includes the best new headphones and earbuds.

LEAH BARRY SONNENFELD

[illegible][illegible]

Although they're not a mass-appealing set, another good one for the car-pool is the Scarlatti MD 240 (\$140, www.scarlatti.com). These 100-watt design concertos may start but would let you make the right soundest selection. "These are the impact." There is a great balance between high and low, and the bass, although quite present, doesn't dominate.

Most MFS players come with long ears and 7 leaded many excellent alternative choices, including the Shure SR115 (\$100); Shure combined

Audio-Technica ATHE-GEMMA (3100-uss-audio-tech.com) has an environmentally produced, ultra-thin highs and lows, and reduces stress on your eardrums thanks to the world's smallest speaker. It also likes the Audio Pro CH30 (audio-world.com). In addition to silicone cups, they come with form-fitting foam covers so they squeak when placed on your ears (like the earplugs I wear to sleep). They're comfortable and block out a lot of sound. They also have a handy optional microphone, if you're using a conference phone and more people than you're really sure want to know of him, try the Bluetooth Audio Adapter (amazon.com) or an ear speaker.

Whatever your taste, my advice is the same: Order a Bloody Mary, be back, put on Philip Glass's *Songs from Days of Days*, and try to forget that you're traveling there. Football fields are covered in a concrete expanse.

Harry Steinbacht produced *Pushing Deakin* and is the director of *Get Shorty* and *Nice n' Black*.

C IN AN EMERGENCY, A PERSON CAN

THE BEST BILLBOARD POWERS

The busy M&M's® candy company is better than most when it comes to high and value categories—supplements—and their products are the best of the best.



来源: 作者提供, 已发表数据

the Apple TV's 100-watt DTS/Dolby Digital 5.1-channel audio system is nearly as much ambient sound as music, creating a virtual, and often a little more, impressively dynamic, ear-

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE THIS CARD FROM THE AIRCRAFT

FERAL KIDS, MATEATING, SHAVING TIPS & SNEEZING

ESQUIRE'S ANSWER FELLA believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, thinking they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find you who does or who has a better idea than he does.



Are there any real documented, feral and feral-like cases of children raised by animals?

You apparently haven't done much reading in southern New Jersey. They're even getting better every day. Consider, for example, the case of a young girl named Anna, who was found in a cave in the mountains of the United States. She was found by a hunter who was looking for a deer. She was found with a broken leg and a broken arm, and she was found with a broken leg and a broken arm. She was found with a broken leg and a broken arm, and she was found with a broken leg and a broken arm.

Anna was found with a broken leg and a broken arm, and she was found with a broken leg and a broken arm. She was found with a broken leg and a broken arm, and she was found with a broken leg and a broken arm. She was found with a broken leg and a broken arm, and she was found with a broken leg and a broken arm. She was found with a broken leg and a broken arm, and she was found with a broken leg and a broken arm.

Anna was found with a broken leg and a broken arm, and she was found with a broken leg and a broken arm. She was found with a broken leg and a broken arm, and she was found with a broken leg and a broken arm. She was found with a broken leg and a broken arm, and she was found with a broken leg and a broken arm.

door of Emerson with Will O'Brien says "I'm the best of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

Somebody put up a poster that said "I'm the best of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

Somebody put up a poster that said "I'm the best of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

Somebody put up a poster that said "I'm the best of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

the University of British Columbia has this call? No, but...

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

across the grain. That's how and why.

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."

I would not recommend it out of all kinds because there are no kinds associated with the word of humanly or humanly."



CARPENTER, FREE

Just for the taste of it™

● A Thousand Words About Our Culture:

WHAT'S SO SWEET ABOUT REVENGE?

By Stephen Marder

THE SPIRIT OF REVENGE is stalking American life like a Seneca ghost. In Washington, D.C., the Democratic-controlled Congress is considering hearings to investigate the policy decisions of the Bush administration, and the Republicans have decided to become the party that defends torture (sorry, "enhanced interrogation") in the name of 9/11 and Never Again. Both sides have been trying their best to convert the United States into a banana republic where the settling of old scores is the motive and reward for holding office. In the public at large, the financial crisis has generated—ever fresh waves of rage; executives at AIG, some of whom are completely responsible corporate citizens, have found themselves hiring security outfits to protect their families. The American people want somebody, anybody, to pay, and Quentin Tarantino's new film about Nazi-hunting (arrives at the ideal moment to purge these savage impulses).

Tarantino's supremely elegant explorations of gratuitous brutality have found a perfect canvas in the Nazis: Americans decided long ago that it's okay to track down (a) and slay (a) the warriors of the Third Reich. The Nazis themselves abused their Slaughter, chasing to become beasts and machines, and unlike the pangs of remorse many still feel about Nagasaki and Hiroshima, we can all agree that the Nazis truly got what was coming to them. (Just look at the ongoing prosecution of an eighty-nine-year-old Cleveland resident and accused former

Nazi (a) no clemency for old men.) *There's Judgment at Nuremberg, The Dirty Dozen* won't be any moral absolution or revenge criterion for the duration of "Inglorious Bastards." Instead, we'll see Hitler played for laughs, righteous, unforgiving fury, and Brad Pitt with a mustache, and a grateful nation can channel its pent-up rage into this, the most self-conscious and artful example of a uniquely American genre: the revenge comedy.

Traditionally, stories about revenge, including some of the greatest plays from Shakespeare and ancient Greece, have been tragedies. "Hamlet" ends in a black mass that leaves the stage littered with corpses. Aeschylus' "Oresteia" trilogy features warring corpses and rivers of blood. Both the classical and Renaissance versions of revenge tragedy consistently end with a rejection of revenge. The avenger must die. The man of blood must drown in blood. As the Jewish sages put it in "Pirke



Inglorious Bastards



Judgment at Nuremberg, The Dirty Dozen



John Dillinger

Avot": "We once saw a skull floating on the surface of the water. We said to it: 'Because you drowned people, others drowned you. They in turn will be drowned by others.' " Great American pop culture once acknowledged this fundamental insight, too. In the "Godfather" movies (see page 98), the classic code of retribution reported from Sicily ends with the destruction of the family it is supposed to preserve. The classic westerns, like "The Searchers" or "My Darling Clementine," are obsessed with the tension between the basic human urge for revenge and its destructive consequences for society. But about the time John Rambo first shot up theaters (a), many Americans began to take another look at revenge. That movie was revolutionary in portraying the triumph of vengeance over law. In Rambo, we have a hugely popular hero who shoots up a police station in the town of Hope, in the Pacific Northwest, and blasts his way through the National Guard with an M60. His actions now seem more in keeping with an Al Qaeda operative than a Model American, but in 1982, the U.S.'s unimagined bitterness over the defeat in Vietnam, the sense of failure and of being stabbed in the back, launched this patriot into his own blockbuster franchise. The ensuing decades saw a new Harrison Ford movie every year, or so it seemed, each with the same basic plot: Bad guys hurt hero's family, hero struggles to get family back, hero kills bad guys, hero is happy again. It's the most popular plotline in movies today: an eye for an eye with a happy ending.

Showtime's grizzled take on revenge comedy (a), which will start up again this fall, dives headfirst into these muddy waters. The main character is a serial killer who kills only murderers and rapists, spurred on by the memory of his upstanding cop father. At the end of season one, this minister of retribution, fully conscious of his own inhumanity and emptiness, imagines himself as a ticker-tape parade being congratulated for taking "out the trash." "It's one of them, in their darkest dreams," he says of the cheering crowd. The show offers a vision of society bleaker than any warshow (a). Justice is thrill killing, nothing more than widely accepted vigilantism. The true nightmare of "Dexter" is how convincing its vision of American law and order has become. One expects complete nihilism to resurface in, say, *Judges* or *Madeline*. But Miami?

"Deeply beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord" (Romans 12:19). The great tension between the United States of the Bush years and its terrorist-ties is that both had been quite willing to put themselves in the place of the Third America, which once had to be dragged into even the most necessary and justifiable wars, found itself rushing to vengeance (a), blindly hitting back at terrorist scum. Last year we tried to save beyond all that anger with the candidate of Hope and Unity, and now even the public demands someone's head on a platter (a).

The politicians of the Bush-chump have favored reconciliation over retribution. Choosing old rivals (a) for his cabinet, shaking hands with vicious critics (a), opening up to Cuba. These disarming gestures have amounted to a series of gut-wrenching, no matter how many tears Glenn Beck sheds over them. But we all know how fragile our civilization is. One more attack on American soil and all that careful nurturing of our better impulses will evaporate like barely settled sand. The most advanced civilization in human history, when the test comes, will be no more sophisticated about revenge than the Stone Age tribes it rose from. In the meantime, we've always got the Nazis. ■



John Dillinger



Dexter



Alvin Karpis



John Dillinger



John Dillinger



John Dillinger

CELEBRATING AROUND A MARULA IS SAID
TO STRENGTHEN MARITAL BONDS.

GOOD TO KNOW THE
NEXT TIME YOU STAY OUT
TOO LATE WITH THE GUY.

AMARULA
CREAM

The Spirit of Africa

AFRICA'S MARULA TREE IS FULL OF QUESTIONS.
BUT THE BIGGEST QUESTION IS: WHAT WILL IT
DO FOR YOU?

WWW.AMARULA.COM



Style
ALL ABOUT



THE ESSENTIAL

The Cartier Santos Sport Sunglasses

All stainless steel frames, stainless steel hinges, and polarized lenses, the latest pair of performance sunglasses from Cartier is just the thing to navigate whatever road trips or choppy waters the summer throws your way. Sharper eyes will also notice the single wire on the bridge—see it?—which serves no other purpose than to call attention to a sleek, slinky black in the early 1930s, Louis Cartier designed one of the world's most iconic plots, *A Hero's Journey*. Dumont, and designed the brand's first ever watch with his. As a nod to the fashionistas on his path, Cartier took the watch with him across the world, and ever since the company has been using the same motif to infuse a little Santos Dumont spirit into its products. Now releasing its 2008's anniversary of doing business in America, Cartier red I have rights to continue of adventure everywhere. Including you. Santos Sport sunglasses (\$500) by Cartier.

PATRICK ROBINSON RETHINKS THE GAP

Which brings us to the end. No wonder Bill Robinson began working for the Gas: he had no other choice.

among its target customers: "There was this mentality that jeans from the Gap were woolen jeans. It's cheap, loose, and just not that cool. We weren't giving customers all of the things they expected from premium jeans: the weaves, the fabrics, the quality." Over the next year and a half, Robinson and his design and manufacturing teams completely overhauled how the Gap jeans were made. They started by looking at the denim mills that supply the factory workers who make jeans. There, each of his efforts can be seen and felt at the company's new 2009 Fremont jeans collection, and Robinson has high hopes: "We now have the best-fitting jeans in the world." Conceptual? That's a bold statement, but we spent the time to do it. The collection offers seven fits for men, from "slim" to "tall," and each fits across in three or four waist sizes from 28 to 34, meaning a man has about 40 different options for jeans at any given time in any given Gap store. But at Robinson is quick to point out, the Gap jeans aren't the only jeans on the market that should be worn: "We're not saying that anybody should be wearing the Gap jeans. We're saying that anybody who can wear Forever 21, Sears, simple design, it never ends. Check out the new collections at any time."

■ **My boyfriend** likes to dress casually, and in the summer in New York, that means flip-flops. I've floated the idea that men don't wear flip-flops except at the beach. He agrees but asks, if not flip-flops, then what?
—Susannah Hornsby, Brooklyn, N.Y.

I don't know—has he tried shoes? The beach is one thing, but the sidewalks of New York, with their vagrant smell of dead body and non-specific black ooze, are another. He should try a pair of low-rise Converse All Stars (page 1). They're natural, can be worn without socks, and, best of all, can be put in the washing machine.

I just bought my first car
worker and it's the machine
all and working like a
what's more? What kind of
it will be more useful?

—BRYAN WHITT
Brooklyn, N
Coughlin, Brian The new-
sackler suit has been on the
rise all over the country,
chiefly amongst younger men
and especially in the South
and the East. Since wearing
one is already something of
a statement, I suggest you

ling things down with a plain white button-downs radiated them and in plain dark silk tie—something of the knit silk variety (see 2 *AMIA*, 1988). Subtle patterns can be good, too, but keep away from stripes that stretch the width of your sweater's stripes. It can make the eyes go funny.

I have been studying you, and I have
 decided that you really are a
 wonderful person. I have been
 thinking of you for a long time.
 —M. L.

Wear Orange *N.J.*
Top the list for your maintenance skills. A steamer (1100-5423) (1100-5423) saves paint waste from the degradation of frequent dry cleaning and lengthens their life immensely. It's probably best to steam clothes just before wearing them rather than after, since oil and other secretions should be allowed to dry out naturally.

—Max K

We greatly advocate keeping your bait and shovels in the same general ballpark, e.g., dark brown with dark brown, but there's no need to match your leather watch strap to your other leather items. Watches, you see, are special. And whether your watch is a flashy headdress or something you fished out of a Crocker trash box, it should rise above the vagaries of matching.

For more information, go to www.pearsoned.com.

Director, Clinical
Trials, All Science
Publishers (ASAP)
Inc. Chicago, IL

—MILTON C. KROGER
Lynchville, N.C.

The shirts you speak of probably have tall collar bands that make the collar stand higher, and the two buttons ensure the collar remains fastened and doesn't buckle. Such shirts [tag = 5.1773 by Loop 8.0001] are great if you like to go dressy with a shirt—the scale of the collar makes up for the absence of a tie

—JENNIFER GASTROW
Park City, Utah

Matching yourself to the team is only necessary when hunting [the c]. You are presumably logging a wife, not a whetstone, so stick to colors that suit you, not the foliage.

Get a question for Nick Sullivan? E-mail him at esqstyle@baylor.com.



THE ALL-SEASON ALL-STARS

HOW TO WEAR THEM: KEY ITEMS OF CLOTHING ALL YEAR ROUND

Style

WINTER

With weather like this, nothing's worse than a thick enough-for-winter-but-not-enough-for-comfort-in-the-office coat to good customers in better. Two button-downs and a sweater (\$2,400) by J. Crew, wool trousers (\$400) by J. Crew, leather shoes (\$400) by Moreside.



SUMMER

And you should cut for a relaxed shade, light gray or cotton, that looks as good with white pants as with dark. Cotton shirt (\$100) by Tommy Hilgert, vest (\$100) by J. Crew, leather trousers (\$400) by Moreside of London.

THE V-NECK SWEATER

Wool and cashmere sweater (\$100) by J. Crew.

THE CANVAS BLAZER

One-button cotton blazer (\$110) by Brooks Brothers.

THE LEATHER JACKET

Leather jacket (\$1,400) by J. Crew.

SUMMER

Give your hairy chest a rest and try a classic toggle. You can't close it over any jacket or shirt under shirt... Cotton shirt (\$100) by J. Crew, cotton trousers (\$400) by Brooks Brothers, leather shoes (\$400) by J. Crew.



WINTER

An all-season leather jacket should have a notched lapel and cuffs that can expand to fit under a shirt. Cashmere or wool, \$1,400 by J. Crew. One-button cotton blazer (\$110) by Brooks Brothers, leather shoes (\$400) by J. Crew.

SUMMER

And if you don't have those, try a comfortable, short-sleeved shirt. Cotton shirt (\$100) by Tommy Hilgert, vest (\$100) by J. Crew, leather trousers (\$400) by Moreside of London.

IT'S HARD NOT TO GIVE IN TO YOUR MUSTANG SIDE. EVEN IF YOU'RE LEGALLY BLIND.



ROGER KEENEY LOST HIS SIGHT 20 YEARS AGO, BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP HIM FROM UNLASHING HIS MUSTANG SIDE IN A NEW 2010 MUSTANG. SEE THINGS FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW AT THE2010MUSTANG.COM.

Drive one.





Esquire

This man's movies have grossed more than \$1.2 billion around the world.

He dates pretty much whomever he wants.

He's going to be in a lot more movies, starting this very month.

He lives in a really, really nice house.

All we told our writer was, he's...

SOME GUY
NAMED



BY CAL TESSMAN

We sent one of our most open-minded reporters, a man largely unsullied by any familiarity with our Hollywood-obsessed world, to interview this guy. We gave him a first name and an address, nothing more. We were pretty certain Cal had never heard of him. This is what happened.

I SEND

a quick text to my editor as I park the car. "Guy's got a nice house, that's for sure." The house does make me feel a bit like I'm in Europe, where a door could be four hundred years old. Wonder what he does. I imagine he's had a women's museum and kept that as Gerry's assistant. Very cerebral. She leads me to a couch inside and guests to get them. I sit, look around. There's a pinball machine and a pool table. How crazy is this guy when he's a pinball machine and a pool table in his living room?

Here he comes. Big guy, marmoset face. He's wearing a ripped T-shirt. That makes

me a real man.

"Hey, how you doing?"
"Great to meet you. I'm Cal."
We shake hands. He says we good.
"Have you got a sense of humor?"
"No, not really. Why? You want me to tell you a joke or something?"
The accent. Australian? New Zealand? I'm usually pretty good at this, I realize.
"I was told to converse the old-fashioned way. A conversation with Gerry. That's the only thing I know about you."
Gerry's a bit cocky, and his face splits into opposing expressions. His eyes squint with suspicion, but he's grinning.
"O... kay."
"We're in good shape, though, because I

learned to interview while traveling around the world—getting an accent and meeting people. I hardly had any money, so I'd buy a ticket and look for an empty seat next to the right passenger. Sometimes I thought I could meet, and who'd trust me enough to take me home with them?"
The square is going away, and the grin is becoming wider.
"And how long did you clothes feel?"
"About ten years."
"So we're going to imagine we're on a train, right now?"
"That's right."
"Do you have a drink coming?"
"Locally."
"You can have whatever you want—red, or, you?"
"What are you going to have?"
"I don't drink. But I don't give a shit."
"I'll have some water, then."
"You were going to have something—"
"Nah, and I'll tell you why. The worst interview I ever did was with William Buckley. The conservative commentator Buckley had the world's greatest vocabulary, and if he didn't like you, he could not put you through

his own office message. I knew I had to be prepared. I didn't start the day before, I show up when the elevators in the morning, haven't eaten in thirty-six hours, sharp as a needle. I go in, and he asks his palms together and says, 'Hello, how are you?' Now, how can I drink locally? I'll go now for a little water. So I say, 'How about a little water?' And I'll never forget that. Buckley's nose slowly lifts into the air, and he says, 'Oh, how are you?' And that was the end of the interview. He went through with it, but he wasn't there. So I learned my lesson. If you're having trouble in minutes for lunch, set me a place at the table."
"But I offered you a drink, and you didn't take it. So it's going to be a crap interview." Now we're both laughing.
He leads me downstairs, looking for the most comfortable place to sit.
"Here's my crown."
"But Gerry, where's the crown?"
"The crown comes down. The walls are all gilded. It's fucking wonderful." Pause. "I didn't actually intend to give a crown."
We agree that the balcony upstairs is the best spot. There's a magnificent view of L.A. A tiny little button and an amazing kitchen. His

assistant, who has the run of the house who could be sending a Porsche 900 company car down a fruit plate and some water.
"Whatever you do, I get the impression that you do it well."
Gerry seems not to comprehend that I truly don't know what he does.
"I went more for the crazy than for something big and handsome. It was great when my mom came over and stood on the balcony. The leg did good."
Just then, a small gift balloon that says we're there directly in front of us, out above the trees.
"Where the fuck did that balloon come from?" he says. "I've had some of the craziest experiences in my life."
"Where are you from?"
"You don't even know where I'm from. This is unbelievable. I'm from... where is it from? I was born in Glasgow. But my family is pretty much from a little town called Paisley, famous for its cotton mills and pinkey pants. At one point the mills employed 80 percent of the town. Some towns progress forward and upward—how do I say this without losing every friend I ever had

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM JONES

in Paisley?—let's just say Paisley never managed to make that quota to keep."

"Was there a moment in your childhood where you knew who you'd become?" This seems like a good way to find out what he's become.

He stops to consider.

"Let me give you an example," I say. "When Madonna's *Like a Virgin* came out, he used to stand on a street corner and in his leather dress rocks to it. Then he'd enter the rocks when just his hands by moving his head, which was exactly the style he used years later to avoid punches in a boxing ring."

"I don't know if I ever went to those extremes," he says. "I did spend lots of my childhood playing out more scenarios in my head. I'd walk along the road, pretending like I was in the army, talking on the radio, and doing music acts. I'd come to a late hour performing in movies and thought fantasias. I had a lot of powerful dreams—some of them terrifying. One was about being in a underground tunnel, and then a man was coming behind me. I remember going more trying to get away and then clinked on the window. My stomach to pull me back in by my legs. When I woke up, I thought my heart was going to explode. These were the kind of dreams Chad. Some were fantasies, like skateboarding through planets and space. To wake up and I could not repeat these dreams and control them."

"The problem with my mind is it stays from side to side. The idea of me fantasizing about becoming an actor quickly led to depression. As it was never going to happen to me. I was a sixteen-year-old kid on the other side of the world where they made movies. Scottish actors were never going to play there was a cinema company and that was it."

Are some of those of I've seen him in anything. Probably not. Until six months ago, I really didn't see many movies.

"I WASN'T

going to be an actor. I was going to be a lawyer. I came from a family just where working class, just below middle class, a great family of wonderful values. The idea of law being a choice for a law degree was exciting. Knowing to me but also very exciting to my family. When, one of my own in studying law at university."

"Was there a moment when it turned from law to making money?"

"Yeah. The day I got fired."

"What happened?"

"I've always had the lack of the deed, even in law school. I kind of blagged my way into the position of president of the Law Society. I'm not the most academic of

guys. Considering the amount of work that I put in, it's amazing that I got through law school. And with an honors degree.

"I took some time off and went to America. This is when things started to go a little crazy. Some things very compulsive, and the lack and lusty and pleasure but damaging back over. It was suddenly knowing I could go out and have a life of working, creativity, adventure, going to work, and all the other things that go with it—including a sense of abandonment. Being away from home and not having the same kind of discipline and structure in front of me meant I could do whatever the fuck I wanted, and I did.

"For a while, I was living in a apartment in Venice Beach with three Irish guys who drank every day. It was perfect. We partied every day. I started getting odd jobs. My head started to turn one day and I said they'd put on a job for longer a career that was going around the state fair in California. In this year out of school, I did many things. I drove from L.A. to Boston, from L.A. to Chicago, from Miami to Chicago. And I kept getting arrested for stupid stuff—basically just being too drunk. I was out of control, and justifying it with this idea that I'm young, this is life. This is not being serious. I remember getting arrested once and they usually put me in handcuffs. I was walking around chained tonight other guys. And eventually I was still in the office of the Law Society in Glasgow.

"I ended up in L.A. County Jail. I was in a cell with my 50s and my right leather jacket and my long hair. Thinking I was in a prison. I can't believe I'm feeling about this. I'd better not."

He smiles.

"First, some good stories, though. I do have. I had to go back and do a final year at university. That's the year you go out and learn the job, not just study theory. You go out to work at a real law firm. By the time I got back, all the big jobs were gone. I thought for me firm. There were two hundred applications for that firm, and they were only taking four people.

"I was really out of it when I did the interview. I had a few interviews the day before, and we were all a bit of a mess that night. I had no sleep the next morning and I went to Edinburgh. I missed the interview, but the firm said, 'No, no, we'll wait for you.' So I got a trial and—how should I put this?—I need a few weeks to get up, and by the time I arrived, you couldn't show up. I ended up having a great interview and getting the job. But when I put on a suit and suit, I became desperately unhappy. There was something else at work, something I didn't have control of. If I hadn't fucked up that job, I would've

"YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE I'M FROM. THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE. I'M FROM... WHERE AM I FROM? MY FAMILY IS PRETTY MUCH FROM A LITTLE TOWN CALLED PAISLEY, FAMOUS FOR ITS COTTON MILLS AND PAISLEY PATTERN."

be sitting here right now. I might be a very mediocre lawyer in some small town in the middle of Scotland.

"I became quite infamous in Scotland's legal circles. It's very difficult to be fired as a trainee lawyer—they just don't quickly give you in the end of two years. But they actually fired me one week before I was due to qualify. I should have seen it coming. The Edinburgh firm was going, I knew I wasn't going to make it through the firm because it's a company—mostly festivals, music festivals, dancing festivals, and more than anything, drinking festivals. The city is now I was once a production of transporting. The lead character acts in the scene, slapstick and surreal, and then jumps back into the scene. The guy playing the lead role was phenomenal. It was such an incredible experience. And I'm dying inside. This is the life I wanted to live. I said to him, I know I can do this. But it's not now. It's gone. I'm twenty-five. I missed that opportunity. A week later, they fire me."

Garry tells me how humiliated he was when he told his mother. Everything was lost, except the money. The next day he went to London.

"I did know a casting director who worked small theater productions. She was very blunt. She said, 'Some of my best friends who've burned their fucking balls going through drama school can't get jobs.' So I was doing telemarketing, selling pens and shops."

CONAN: TONY DUNN; PAISLEY: JAMES BY LUTHER



ping-mails trying to get people interested in comparisons when I didn't even know what I was selling. Theories came up, and I could send him a glowing page in the season four playbooks by Steven Laskoff. Berloff was kind of famous in London for his average, physical style of theater and then became ridiculed as he became more and more over-the-top and insane. But he is a lot of a genius. Anyway, I met into Berloff in the coffee shop downtown and said, 'I'd like to read for this.' He said, 'Sure, why not?'

"I gave it everything. Afterward, the casting director came up to me about a hour after said, 'You're the best he saw in two days.' Walking home was probably the happiest moment of my life, when there's no money in you that can't be put down. I'd gone from handing out papers to getting the lead role."

"CAN I USE the boyfriend?"

"Sure. You can use the one off my nose. Let me show you where it is."

We walked a table, and so it is a room in a room. The cover shows Megan Fox, a stunning actress whose work I haven't seen. "Look at this. After Megan Fox, who's ever going to want to look at me on the cover of *Esquire*?"

"You guys be kidding me, I'm thinking. Nobody told me the new cover story. At least the editors requested a three-line interview."

I HAVE

to talk someone later.

"What movie have you been in?"

A piece.

"Phantom of the Opera?"

"Be more in *Phantom of the Opera*?"

"I'm married by the way the word you comes out of my mouth. It sounds like I don't believe her."

"What?"

"What diameter?"

"I played the pianist."

"The man singing like you're in an opera?"

"I did maybe four singing lessons when I went to sing *Music of the Night* for Andrew Lloyd Webber, which was perhaps the most nerve-making experience I've ever been through. But I got the role. Some people thought I did a great job. But others thought I was over-the-top."

"What did you have done?"

"I did 300. You want know about 300?"

"No."

"Pucker! M!"

"Hold on! Hold on! Was that the movie about all those women that was sort of intense? I didn't see it, but my son loved it."

"I played *Samuel*, the lead. You must know that. You're putting me on. It doesn't bother me. It's just like—some."

"Never saw it, but I remember being big deal. I remember the center—all these holding-wives. You know what stands out to me from that except I remember a beard."

"Okay. *Phantom*. 300. What about?"

"P.S. I Love Thee. That's a romantic comedy with Willy Davis. It's kind of a musical and funny. Richard LaGravenese wrote and directed it. He wrote *Bridge of Spies* and *Chasing Amy*. Don't know why I'm telling you, because you won't know it."

"That one I do! Because I interviewed Clint Eastwood. He was in that one, right?"

"No. Not in probably the world's biggest movie buff, and I'm going to be honest with you when that comes out."

"No, I moved to L.A. six months ago. I've been watching a movie almost every night, trying to catch up. Did you see *Esquire* last of the seven-five movie every one should see? It's in the *Mega* box line."

"I haven't looked at it. I was just looking at it, but I couldn't get past *Mega* Fox."

Gerry picks up the issue.

"It plays out over several pages," I say.

Gerry smiles.

"300 will definitely be on the list. It's not gonna be real bad, but I don't 300. I have to even more that a man should see it. 300."

He looks at the first page. It vividly, 300 is not in that page, but Gerry nods his approval. He says:

"There are some great movies in here."

Apparently 300 is not in the following page.

"Pucker!"

Now people on the plane to say "Pucker" to him, but to Gerry. He turns the page.

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"

"Pucker!"



"Well, then, you see how Gerry Barker was. If you want, you can work it in as a movie room. It's a great room. Hey, doesn't have to be movies that I'm in. You can come back and watch all the movies you want to."

NOW THAT IT'S

established that we're just two strangers who don't know anything about each other, Gerry asks me some questions. "What about women? Did you meet some nice women along your trip around the world?"

"Well, as you know, nobody is going to confuse me for a woman. But when I walked into a small town on the other side of the world, I became mostly all of a sudden, I was handsome. It was great."

"Fantastic. You'd almost your wife with it?"

"I did." I say. "I met her about a but on

the way to a beach in Brazil."

"You're fucking kidding me. Is she Brazilian?"

"Yeah."

"Brazilian?"

"Have you ever been married?"

"No."

"Wow."

"I know. People would go, 'That's great. You're still young.' Over the last couple years, though, it's become, 'Wow! Really? Why?'"

"That must sound crazy coming from me, but it must be hard when people know who you are."

"You know what's funny? In the last year, there have probably been more of us different women. I'm supposed to be married with it, I think maybe one is true. You can walk around with a handful of my ladies and it's okay, but the second there's a woman involved."

"Any actress who you've seen with, it's automatically assumed."

"Not always. But the new one is Jennifer Aniston. I start filming with her in two weeks. I think it's become a bit strange and I'm single. There was a lot of talk in the media about her marriage to the Toronto Film Festival. The next day, the story is Gerry Barker and Jennifer Aniston got cozy at the Toronto Film Festival. Okay? We were standing up and surrounded by forty people."

GERRY

goes to change for his next appointment. I head to the kitchen to my goodie box, which is a precise assistant, whose job it is to look me out.

A few minutes from now, it's likely that I would've found out who Gerry is. I'd be in L.A. now. And he's got a lot of big movie coming out. There's *The Ugly Duck* with

Katherine Heigl, who sounds pretty hot. Then there's *Gone*, which appears to be a cross between *The Matrix* (which I just see for the first time) and *American Idol*. Then *Abiding Grace*, which Gerry produced, stars Justin Hays. And I probably would've been engaged to someone you've never heard of. I was in *Star Dragon*. Plus, there's still comedy with Jennifer Aniston, *Knock Knock*.

Suddenly, music comes on the house. The sound is huge. I can feel it in my bones. It's the soundtrack to *The Phantom of the Opera*. Gerry's voice is booming through the speakers, singing "Music of the Night." He steps onto the kitchen and begins to sing.

Deep into the song, he sings under the world as far what seems like half a minute. As he stands there next to the refrigerator, his voice and the recording perfectly align.

The song ends. We stand in a comfortable silence.

The assistant says, "Your car is waiting, Gerry."

The LONG WALK

17 YEARS INTO THE WAR WE WERE OBLIVIELLED TO, VANGUARD THE LONG WALK DIVISION IN AFGHANISTAN REMAINS JUST AS BRUTAL AS WAR THERE HAS BEEN 100 CENTURIES AND NOW AFTER YEARS OF INATTENTION FROM WASHINGTON, THIS WAR BEGINS AGAIN ON THE HUNT WITH THE MEN OF VIPER COMPANY.

By C. J. CHIVERS

Photographs by TYLER HICKS



With *Wormholes*, the most powerful operator at a new firm, the company's 10th anniversary is a 24-hour, 24-hour, 24-hour celebration. The company's 10th anniversary is a 24-hour, 24-hour, 24-hour celebration. The company's 10th anniversary is a 24-hour, 24-hour, 24-hour celebration.

U P H I L L

[illegible]

But most of all, 238 was in the column and did have radius, and though they had been tended by his fingers and participated in rehearsal, they did not know what was happening moment by moment, beyond that they were walking through dense vegetation and snow and up a very steep hill and each step should anything could happen in the days ahead. For each of these men, the infantry life was the infantry life, and the converse had already in the darkness to assault space around his soldier's house, a stratosphere of tree trunks and shrubs, and snow and sky and the long up hillside was most alive. For these men, the sky was not a flat expanse and not a flat surface, but a surface that was in his grasp and he was not treated under the weight of his weapon, ammunition, grenades, helmet, his jacket, vest, food, spare batteries, chronograph, and first-aid kit, each man began with a small epiphany suspended from his helmet. The epiphany hung in front of his nose and space, perhaps over the hubcap, it was the translucent glow of a night-vision device. Night-vision devices did not open up the night world to the full richness of sight, but they illuminate a private landscape, a narrow cone of vision only to the man wearing the lens, who is treated to a gray, dim, two-dimensional black-and-gray version of the world. In this case, what was most most in each soldier's private sphere was the shimmering black of the snow itself. One was able to track the movement of the snow. The snow would be black and the light, the five photons in the line extended and shrank like an accordion being dragged through undergrowth, snagging here and stretching, stretching and stretching, but always moving forward. And halting.

Uphill town and the middle where a Navy SEAL team had been surrounded in battle in 2005 and 44 servicemen had been shot down. Eleven SEALs died that day. Their fight had been four years after the American military had served in Afghanistan, and almost four years before this night, during which Company had the last iteration of the 2nd Infantry Regiment, in its sixth month in Afghanistan, where more lives had been lost than any of their years could

number without referring to the reports, flew away from their support for the most ambitious operation of a syndicate: a Viper Shake, they called it. The company would shake up areas where insurance had been a cash cow.

Eight years. Nearly eight years had passed since B-52 sorties and a Northern Alliance offensive had chased the Taliban from power in Kabul and President Bush had spoken triumphantly of American ideals and American power. Nearly five years had passed since the SEALs had died on this mountain, alone for enough back to have been memorialized in a book. And still the Americans were here, jumping the same ground, headed toward the wreckage alone, somewhere up there, in the dark.

Each man silently poured down his dim green-rose, breathing deeply, pushing his nose at Katsura, walking on.

What is the United States military doing in Afghanistan?

[illegible]

one officer called the "baner of the decade" for a nation that is soon to declare both Islamism and worldism and communism—this new nation is also supposed to recognize and run by rule of few men rather than many other races, open to men Westerners and largely unopposed by the United States, by which Afghanistan used to run, and often still runs, and might prefer to run if anyone were able to measure such things. And so this new nation is to be a shining star that is more American and wondrously without nations, the United States is passing a third primary mission, which is to create foundations for indigenous intensity. This includes a national police force and an army with enough skilled soldiers to integrate its support alongside its own corps and stand up to an insurgency in battle and in the air, and to be able to take on the world in the air and understand its intelligence, local, regional, and international—that make up this insurgency, as well as the drug network that controls the shadow economy, which fuels much of the war. Last, or perhaps first, the United States military is doing what many people assume it is doing most. It is fighting.

Viper Company's AD looks like *Starline* (Hydramotion anti-rattle footpads). The *King of the Hill* (imaging) isn't a, a sound device footpads (rattle) anti-rattle. Away from the surface, the two hills as footpads (rattle) anti-rattle, and some with, and last footpads.





could not be abandoned while the company warries outside the wire, the battalion had sent two extra platoons for Viper Strike. These soldiers had trickled in on recent night flights, and been ordered not to wander outside, because if spotters noticed that the outpost had been reinforced, they might suspect that Company B was about to push out for a fight. And so Company B had waited until nightfall, when the soldiers appeared and lined up in the dark, waiting for the two extra Hawkstrike



IF YOU'RE GOOD, YOU GET DESSERT



Photographs by CHRISTA RENEE

Dear Ms. Parker,

This time, we don't know what to say. That pie. The crust, so flaky. The fruit, so sweet. The little apron. Thank you very much.

It's been what, eight or nine years that we've been together now? Through *The West Wing* through *Woods*—through it all, you've always had time for us. A few times now you've given *Esquire* your image—your long platinum neck, your deep Guinness eyes staring out from the photos, your movie-star nose, twitched a little, your long body lounging on our pages. You've given



8:15 A.M.
NEARLY 2000
HSA

EMERGENCY
Working

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12



THE STRANGE HAPPINESS OF THE EMERGENCY MEDIC

By Chris Jones

There is your life before the truck, and there is your life after the truck



MY
Spoken-
language
Training



← 8:00 A.M. B.C.



Photographs by Mike Schell

← ME (left) with paramedic, paramedic (right) in the truck.

My first

body came on my first shift. It was a Friday night, dark and cold, the wind whipping across the empty fields. We were at a rollover on a country road. Someone had drifted too far into the snow on the shoulder and gone into a ditch. There had been two occupants, but somehow they were fine, not a scratch on them. On the way back to the ambulance—here in Ottawa, the paramedics call them trucks—we stopped to look inside their car, which was still on its roof. There were two barbells that had banged around in there and settled on the ceiling. We were ducking our ears into our coats and talking about how lucky the people were not to get brained when the radio squawked. ♦ Serving a region with a population of just over one million, the Ottawa Paramedic Service answered more than 103,000 calls last year. The calls come over the radio in bunches. In my first five minutes inside the truck, there were calls for a woman having a seizure in a grocery store, an eight-week-old boy choking, a homeless man found unconscious in an alley, an elderly man with difficulty breathing, a possible heart attack in a chicken restaurant. If you just sat inside that truck listening to

the radio, you'd believe the world was falling apart. It's a disaster. But even in the midst of all that screaming and chaos, there are calls that stand out. A Code 4 is a life-threatening emergency lights and sirens. A Code 4 VSA—vital signs absent—in lights and sirens and a little bit more. "This call was a VSA, a woman, stretched out in the darkness to our west. Darryl and I jumped into the truck and buckled up."

Darryl Wilson was my senior and partner. He's thirty-six, tall with a shaved head. If you could request a particular paramedic when you dial 911, you would call for him. He's been in the truck for twelve years, and he has seen a lot of things. As part of my training, he showed me detailed and unpublished aerial photographs from some recent calls to make sure I had the stomach for the work. He didn't seem to have to treat me, too. ("The barrel over the fall-off," he called the lifeline speech that smokers suffer.) There was the motorcycle wreck in which a husband and wife were launched across an intersection like crash-test dummies. There was the poor bastard who had been pulled into a printing press by his right arm. That's when I was introduced to the term "digging." The guy had lost every shard of skin from his fingertips to his shoulder. His arm looked like

an illustration in an anatomy textbook, a collection of red muscle and white fibers of bone and ligament.

I understood there would be my life before I spent time in the truck and my life after. We raced through the night, and I tried to prepare myself. Darryl prepared, too, but in a different way. He switched his focus onto his next emotional goal: It was almost as though he were treating patients in advance of seeing them. "Time is tissue," he said. With every emergency, first paramedic before transport, some body parts that should be given more white or blue, and white or blue equals death. As we listened to updates on the radio, he'd ask me what I thought about what was coming, and he would gently guide me toward the likely reality. Code 4's that come in just after snowstorms were often heart attacks—someone goes out to shovel and his heart can't make the commute. VSA's early in the morning were often women alone, because showers were the victim's last deed in the night, hours before he was discovered. Then the Code 4 would become a Code 5. "That's clinically dead, which we can work with," Darryl said. "That's relatively dead, which we can't."

We knew this woman was elderly and lived alone in her garage. It was a little after 7:00 a.m., which gave us a few possibilities. It had been snowing pretty hard, so maybe she had slipped in her tracks. (The paramedic calls follow the seasons: December sees an increase in strokes, which brings a spin in medical calls.) Or maybe she fell on a porch step and hit her head. Darryl warned that the night housewife drove somewhere in the darkness and had been found dead somewhere returned home from work. We both reached into the box between us and pulled out blue nitrite gloves.

Paramedic blurs by. It runs on the lights and sirens and there's darkness as well as light, the way lovers see entrance into. The camera shifted in on the nose, looking at the actor's lights. They focus in front of us like crystals, keeping in the darkness, a thousand tiny flashes of red and blue. There was something really, really beautiful about the snow, and I stood at it, and my breathing slowed, and when the vision on the radio came as again to register we were likely heading into a Code 5, I was ready.

She was lying on the concrete on her back, folded up impossibly small. Her knee was bowed out, and she had thrown a slipper. Her face was very white, whiter than even her hair. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was open. She was also frozen nearly through.

She had been found by her son, who was now sitting in his kitchen. Another paramedic, Jennifer, sat with him, when the



victim is a body, attention turns to the survivors. She explained what would happen next, trying to soften the coming blows. She told him the coroner would arrive and the shape under the tarp that had been his mother would become away by the city's body handlers. When the cops came, Darryl suggested calling the family doctor instead of the coroner to fill out the death certificate, because the house wasn't in great shape, so money might be an issue. (If the coroner does, the body still goes to the morgue, and going to the morgue costs money. If the family doctor comes, the body can be taken straight to the funeral home, a cheaper and more compassionate avenue for the grief to order held.) Darryl and I went looking past the poorly medical scenes like that. But the cops dragged and put the body into the system anyway. We took off our gloves, and we walked through the snow back to the truck and began driving into town.

Without the light, the snow was just noise again. Suspended about what had happened to the woman, contrasting a diagnosis in reverse. Now none of the possibilities was good. "It's hard to know which came first, the fracture or the fall," Darryl said. We both agreed out loud that she had gone quickly, but we both knew that probably hadn't. The truck went silent. We needed the radio to speak back to him in Ottawa, they kept on the track of hourly roll volumes and try to have just enough trucks come back to meet the expected demand. That's a new music—a fraction of mathematical efficiency—but it's a backdrop presence, busy. It's always better to have the bad calls like this face ports.

Forty-two, a twenty-four-year-old man obliged us by acting for two days before going to the gym and then sitting in a

room room for forty minutes. He had been found passed out in the locker room. Code 4. Darryl fired up the lights and sirens, and we stopped talking about the dead woman and started talking about in-lane depletion, low blood pressure, and how our first stop would be to give him a full physical evaluation to make sure he hadn't done lasting damage to himself, followed by a big hit of saline from an IV.

The guy woke up announcing that all he needed was a cheeseburger.

In some ways, the human body is a deceptively simple machine. Air needs to go in and out, and blood needs to go around and around. Anything that interrupts those two processes is bad and must be corrected quickly. It was cold again and again to remember the ABC's: airway, breathing, circulation. That's the concept of emergency medicine. The problem is, there are hundreds of reasons why the ABC's stop working.

Take the heart. It's a pump. A heart attack stops it from pumping, which means blood isn't carrying oxygen to the brain, which means the brain dies, and the brain can't pump for itself to bring back to life. It's pretty simple stuff, but there are several types of cardiac arrest, and each needs to be treated differently. Some cause the heart to flutter, like we've all seen on TV. We've also seen the TV doctors shock a flailing patient with paddles, but that's not the way it works. In reality the paddles are used when someone's heart is beating too fast or fibrillating and needs to be shocked into a normal rhythm. CPR won't restart a heart, either

HEART ATTACK—ONLY A DAY LATER WE ACADE 5.

CPR won't save it—it really does, on paper—because pumping on someone's chest will generate enough blood flow (though only about 10 percent of the heart's normal stroke volume) to keep the victim alive until help arrives. But only seriously hurt medics can do such things as administer drugs, and, depending on the case, a dragging team is often besting properly again.

The dump won't be the big bag. It's the portable pharmacy in the portable emergency room, and it's in a bag with tools every bit. There's a pump to deliver for diabetes, morphine and fentanyl for pain, naloxone for narcotic overdose, and a couple dozen other medications. Three state pieces of equipment were essential: every cell, no exceptions, a real big container, an oxygen tank, an intubation kit, and a cardiac monitor. The truck was also loaded with trauma bags filled with dressings (orange), a bag that contained resuscitation equipment for infants (light green), and a special bag with nutrients and coffee (black green). The appearance of those bags on a scene meant something very bad had happened.

Before my first shift, I worked my way through the bag with a paramedic named Suzanne May. It was impossible to cover everything that might happen in a given shift—few less hours, strokes, childbirth, heart failure, traumatic, gunshot wounds, stab wounds, some shock—or whose that drama might take place in a bedroom, a bar, or an upside down in a ditch. It's a job that requires a free kind of spirit, and, like most paramedics I met, Suzanne was bright-eyed and quick to smile. "Seeing what we do, we know how lucky we are to be alive," she said.

It was one of the great lessons of the truck: I expected to find a bunch of paramedics digging through the graveyard shift, but men and women who slipped into the blue bag to they might find sleep. But paramedics are a surprisingly raucous bunch. They understand that it's all so much randomness anyway, a cosmic shuffle of victims. One night, four kids got into a car and roared down the busy streets until the driver lost control. The car spun like a roulette wheel. Before it was finally stopped by a streetlight, three kids were caught in the back of the car, the one that ended up with the streetlight in it, suffered serious head injuries. The other three walked away. They know the out-of-body feeling that follows the cheating of fate, the feeling that every day between that day and their last will be a gift that so easily could have gone unopened. Paramedics know that feeling better than anyone, because they walk out of nightmares untouched again and again. They know what a genuinely bad day really looks like, and they know that day will come for them, too, but today is not that day, and it's known ledge close was reason enough for Suzanne to smile.

With Suzanne's guidance, I initiated a dummy over and over until I stopped her. She said, "I understand that you're a volunteer based on your weight and time of delivery." I pulled out a cut of a dummy's throat with a pair of McGill forceps, and I learned to read ECGs and spot the difference between ventricular fibrillation and cardiac depolarization. Ottawa paramedics are one among the few who would be trained to diagnose 12-lead ECGs. One type of heart attack, a STEMI, crosses a wave pattern the paramedics call "combustion," a pattern diagnosed with a STEMI is delivered straight to the heart hospital, bypassing the emergency room, to undergo a reperfusion therapy. Unlike services in many American cities, the Ottawa Paramedic Service requires each recruit to have finished two years of college-level education in health sciences and two to four more years in paramedicine, as well as spend at least 400 hours in the truck. These aren't the junkie mercenaries from *Jurassic Park* or *The Dead*.

It is not even set up, and they were over the same thing twice. Darryl has answered thousands of calls in his career. Some have been burned into his memory by the noise and blood. He remembers the woman who fell in her shower and curled out her throat—paramedics, he remembers the guy whose hand was shredded in the gears of a vintage motor and was still screaming after 400 micrograms of fentanyl. He told me that at our which he sometimes has to count instructions to figure out how many people are in the vehicle. "Once I thought I was dealing with one body and I found two left hands," he said. Other calls stand out because of how quiet they were. He talked about the three-two-year-old new man who was dying of cerebral cancer; he talked about crawling the perimeter of a sometimes-poor boy who had just committed suicide. I'd have to his stories and ask him to make sure he had some satisfaction ready for me. It's a powerful service that also makes you forget.

But deep down, I didn't want to lose a moment of my time in the truck. After each shift, I'd go home and pour over the details of everything I could remember. They were not the things I might have expected. We had life-and-death calls that disappointed the patient I left the scene, walked away by the ambulance; we had routine calls that for whatever reason hung around and kept me awake for hours.

"You never get immune to that," Darryl said. He can't look at ECGs without crying because of a child VSA call he lost.

We had a young diabetic woman go hypoglycemic—she had a blood-sugar level that would have knocked out most of us—because she and her boyfriend just couldn't afford food. "We have two days till we can shop again, so our cupboard are pretty bare," the boyfriend said. At our cardiac call, I saw someone a lying on the floor filled with still smoking potato peppers and onions. And there was the case of college students who had each managed to drink thirty ounces of vodka in about an hour's time. After the students had been checked out by the hospital and paramedics, two rookie paramedics talked about how they'd never seen puking on a cooling bed.

But the call I remember most came on my last shift. It had been a relatively slow morning. A Monday the city just coming back to life after a long winter's night. We were in an asthma call when we heard a Code 4 VSA crackle. A small man found by his son on his living-room floor. Darryl and I hopped into the truck and began pushing through the morning streets. I remember when Darryl had told me about early morning VSA calls, and I reached again for the blue night glasses.

The UPS brought a stack of stacked boxes, small and a little more. Another paramedic, Mike, and Derek Park, had just been on to the address, their truck was pulled up in the street outside one of the units, the light still blinking. We grabbed our bags and ran up the icy floor stairs.

The son was at the open door, standing in the cold. Inside, the house was still dark, the curtains down.

I walked like I knew. The man's small shoulders whose death has come or it could be. It's like seeing, like you, plus dog, like, plus chest. It has your room as you walk through the door. I had told him when we had walked into this house, and I walked in on this house.

He was stretched out on the floor; the carpet was brown. There were lots of certificates and awards on the walls. There were some new ones on the couch, framed but waiting to be hung—worthy his children, maybe grand children. The old (continued on page 34)

THE TAO OF PLUMBING
PUMPER, M.E., A.P.P.A.
EPA-615 WATER-10

P80-2 120"



THE PIPE-THREATING MACHINE



THE TAO OF PLUMBING

No pipes, no civilization

By John W. Richardson




ARMED FOR BATTLE



antique perfume shop, which he buys one bag, then reveals himself. These days Frank could hire someone to do this stuff, but that would mean confessing the satisfaction, too.

Frank's solid was a plumber, so he's always known how to use a wrench. But he'd never poured epoxy flooring or put down a thousand-square-foot gravel foundation. "I'd don't know how to do it," Frank says. "I knew I had other people on



...I'm thinking, 'I gotta get outta here before I get in any more trouble.' I'll figure it out. I'm not afraid to screw up. I've shut the whole building off to screw out the plumbing. I worked at 3:00 a.m. so no one on the upper floors would flush the toilet. Of course, that'd be *Wasserman's room* in the 11th

Frank walks me through the following steps again, more slowly this time. But eventually he pushes the bird into his thick hands and holds it upright almost in seconds. Dinner service is now a few hours, and the kitchen already twenty completed he takes the wings and skin off the bird, so there's no time for me to eat now. "I got a few shrimps," Frank says, "so that I think it's a weakness, you see, but some people say 'Don't do too much reuse!'"

he prep life here at Calagosa down a steep spiral staircase off the dining room, next to the small basement office. It's no place for ordering and prep. It's a tight, narrow work space with stainless steel tables, plastic cutting boards, a giant mixer, and several sinks and always Jodge and I mean. Every morning crates of potatoes and onions, bunches of pork and beef, and chests of fruit are hauled down here from the co-

Frank learned the gospel of prep from Dad, who was so observant about leading up his kids to each morning for every possible planning contingency. "The always-planned preventative maintenance, but he knew nothing broke on Monday morning—it's always Friday night." In other words, fix whatever it becomes obvious then be ready for the day. *Frank's motto: Don't let the day catch you by surprise.*

lately French for "basting phase," but used in the food business to describe all the prepped ingredients that have finished during a meal's service. "Get ready to get ready," *Frank* says. "Then, get ready." It's tempting, even exciting, to think of the dish that arrives as your year table as a creature whipped up in the minutes after you order it. But *Frank* is thinking about your dinner, anticipating post-meal needs and tastes and complaints, before you even see how well it turns out. This is not merely gossip work, which sounds nice and drab.

peeling and roasting and setting and tidying and making wolf-hopping away at much more for error so he can, so you can stop up that sauce without thinking at all. After Frank, I'm not sure if I'll ever look at a restaurant bill the same way. Maybe menus should list hours of labor for each dish—but that would tarnish the illusion that you estimate the magic by pointing to a menu item, and so the wealth his house would wear that.

Before prep even gets under way, Frank has his guys overhauled, inspect every ingredient that comes through Crappo's doors. "You today he eat half some half-bro," Today as we wait for him to make his return, he's extra vigilant. "The stuff on top is always good," he says to his diggers on the cruise. "Half the kitchen in the city don't even chuck up the dig here, he give 'em a sign for it. The half-bro is shoveling the bottom." He digs deeper and pulls out a beautiful-looking piece of— "Now you see how that smells even, not fatty! And look how still the body is— nice roots. The eyes are clear. That's a perfect

fish. Fresh. And when fish is in season, the price is good. It's when it's out of season and scarce that the price jumps, even though it's not as good. People think that just because something is cheap it's bad, but with food it's often the opposite."

Frank says the disappointing Cruso at the country's best restaurant was the day aquaplaning. But his weekly run to Chit's (his names imply he may be going any day) has ended, clashing with a half-decade hobby, and—crucial scoopster they are not—the restaurant owner told us that, and that's a sure sign for people to change. It also proved that he is going to come with his friend to a party after his employees leave the week. It's never about your job when you staff the lowest restaurant in town about your job for a celebration? The great difference may be small, but they're old upland Frank's passion for his customers, which is why he says his business was 20 years ago while almost everywhere else it's down. But Frank says he's the owner to work up to work, and he says he's the owner to work up to work, and he says he's the owner to work up to work, and he says he's the owner to work up to work. "I just like to get a good job done," he says. "It's not the best, but it's a good job done."

After we approach them, the brasserie is handed off to a prep cook in the dining room. Meanwhile, it gets on cleanup duty, probably the least agreeable work that needs getting done. Unsupervised, I just sit there, twiddling my thumbs, and bundle the postcard-sized plastic paper packets with house olive oil and cheese. (The olive oil is good for you. Nothing at Carpeus is wasted. Even umbrellas are used for stools, unused chairs for pens are served to the staff at family meals. "The managers in 'Frank likes it here' but only the special leaves.")

Most of the kitchens still here in inner Central or South America, and many have been with Pinak for years, rising up through the ranks from dishwasher to busboy to prep cook to cook. "My guys, they understand work, and they understand good food. They know when something doesn't taste right. You can't teach that," he says. When Pinak was coming up, he and his cooking school buddies would stay in a kitchen in the city for six or seven years. Now grad come in, doing for five months, then jump.

After about two minutes of shrimp-feeding, my enthusiasm starts to wane. The shrimp are moved in or water, so for the first time I'm grabbing a shrimp to peel, my fingers are stinging. By the fifthth time, my hands are numb and my drink rip is slowing down. Eventually another prep cook comes over and helps me out. I know what this means: The gringo is a bottle-neck.

At 5:00 P.M. Crapo opens for dinner. If the morning and afternoon are a steady and liberate affair, this marks the beginning of the battle. The chicken thighs, the sauce and stocks, the handmade pasta, the perfect shrimp—all have been brought upstairs from the people kitchen to the proper service where the main kitchen, right off the dining room. As we're ready though, ready doesn't mean a dish isn't ready; if you can't cook.

I can't offer much in the way of assistance without slowing things down, so I just stick close to Frank. He quickly demonstrates how to make a few of tonight's specials. Then, taking his place in the kitchen across from his bar stools, he starts to cook. At 6:45, the first items are fired. A few orders trickle in, Frank yells them out in a hybrid of Spanish and Italian—*¡Tres pimientos!* *Dos botanitos alla griglia, crudo!*—and the cooks start to head and foot and sauté.

My fist is in, and others are pouring in, and bushyos and waitresses are busting through the lockets double doors (and around me) with great urgency. They manage to avoid slumping into me in order with subtle footwork that I clearly don't understand because

As soon as you step inside Crisco, you're enveloped by dark brick, polished wood, wrought iron, and the smell of the kind of comforting regional-South food you can't help but gorge yourself on, including the tastiest spaghetti subsiders in New York City. But his reputation for pasta aside,

Frank's well-known use of iron Char-It has Charlie Palmgren and Mike Murphy call Frank whenever they need advice on copper, zinc and other mining products. They work with iron for palladium on various steel and stainless steel and the best place to type of flooring for the shingles.

When Frank took over Crigon seven years ago, he didn't have a lot of money to spend around, so he had to do it with the money he had on hand. He started the business, the walk-in door, and the kitchen exhaust. That was before he had built a stove, patio, walk-in cooler, heating, MIG-welded a massive wrought-iron bar for his father's shipyard from an old railway station, and beautifully restored the floor. This could say it was a lot of money, but it turned out the Frank that he took. Frank turned out to be a lot of money.

In fact, there's only one thing that gives Frank Cripe more satisfaction than watching a customer use a piece of bread to soak up the last bit of sauce from a bowl of Amatriciana—a moment that Frank describes, eyes rolling back with imagined pleasure, as pretty much his favorite thing in the world. The one thing that elevates that moment is watching it take place on the patio he built scene by scene. People come to him for sourdough and pleasure, and he provides it with his own two hands.

Think of it this way: You feel good when you make something from scratch. Frankenbake his restaurant from scratch, and it felt good. So he keeps building. Right now he's welding a series of greppa carts that can be wheeled to a table and tucked in his collection of life-

Francis Ford Coppola

» *When I was sixteen or seventeen,* I wanted to be a writer. I wanted to be a playwright. But everything I wrote, I thought, was weak. And I can remember falling asleep at night because I had no talent the way I wanted to have.

» *Did you ever see *Eastward*?* I was just like that kid!

» *And when you're at the table all my life,* even kids were allowed to have it. We used to put paper disks or lesson notes in it.

» *And all something terrible to my father.* When I was twelve or thirteen, I had a job at Western Union. And when the telegram came over on a long line, you would cut it out and glue it on the paper and deliver it on a bicycle. And I knew the name of the head of Paramount Pictures' music department—Louis Leptone. So I wrote, "Dear Mr. Coppola: We have selected you to write a score. Please return to L. A. immediately to begin the assignment. Sincerely, Louis Leptone." And I glued it and I delivered it. And my father was so happy. And then I had to tell him that it was fake. He was terribly furious. In those days, kids got hit. With sticks. I know why I did it. I wanted him to get that telegram. Who dares for good reasons that we had.

» *People love the worst film I made was *Ask*.* But to this day, when I get checks from old movies I've made, Jack is one of the biggest ones. No one knows that if people hate the movie, they hate the movie. I just wanted to work with Robert Williams.

» *I have never sleep* with other people's money. Only my own. Because I figure, well, you can be.

» *Ten or fifteen years after *Apocalypse Now*,* I was in England in a hotel, and I watched the beginning of it and it honestly ended up watching the whole movie. And it wasn't as weird as I thought. It had, in a way, warned what people would tolerate in a movie.

» *I saw this kid all of, basically, garbage film.* We had shot five cameras when the jet came and dropped the napalm. You had to roll them all at the same time, so there was a lot of this kind of, which was just footage. So I picked something out of this barrel and put it in the Mervyns and it was very abstract, and every once in a while you saw this helicopter shot. And then over around there was all this Doors music, and that was something called "The End." And I said, "Why wouldn't it be funny if we started the movie with 'The End'?"

» *I have more of a vivid imagination than I have talent.* I cook up ideas. It's just a characteristic.

» *I just admire people like Woody Allen,* who every year writes an original screenplay. It's something I always wished that I could do for.

» *In the good* is to be a director—that's my tendency. If I cook a meal, I cook too much and have too many things. Even just watching a Civil War movie, I just love to see how many parts of the real story he left out. So much of the art of film is to be less. To suppress the less.

» *When I was starting out,* I got a job writing scripts for Bill Cosby. He used to have the very best wine for his friends. He didn't drink wine himself, but he had this wine called *James de-Cans*, which he considered one of the greatest wines in the world. I never knew wine could taste like that. He also taught me how to play basketball. And one night I had \$400, and I won \$30,000. So I thought \$30,000 worth of *James de-Cans*.

» *You have to view things in the context of your life expectancy.*

» *The meeting was clear* and Mike had his courage. I said, "It was over. I didn't understand why they wanted to make another *Godfather*."

» *I said,* "What I will do to help you develop a story. And I'll find a director and produce it." They said, "Well, when the director?" And I said, "Young guy, Martin Scorsese." They said, "What story now?" He was just coming out.

» *The very thing* they really argued with me about was calling it *Godfather Part II*. It was a derogation of the *Wolfe* or *The Wolfman* or something. They thought that modernism was kind of confusing. It was wrong, because that started the whole modern thing. I started a lot of things.

» *I was being trouble,* working on *Godfather II* or *III* in New York, and there was a knock on the door. The guy working with me said that John Gato would like to meet Mr. Coppola. And I said, "It's not possible, I'm in the middle of something." There's an old wives' tale about vampires—that you have to invite them in, but once they cross the threshold, then they're in. But if you see you don't want to meet them, then they can't come in. They can't know you.

» *I can never see *The Godfather*.* I'm not interested in the work.

» *What greater work* can you get than that absolutely nobody went to see *Youth Without Youth*? Anything better than that is a success.

» *Some audience* love to sit there and see all the names in the credits. Are they looking for a relative?

» *What should I do now?* I could do something a little more serious. Or less. Better less. For me, less ambition is more ambition. H

Interviewed by Stephen D'Amato / Photograph by Corey Arnold



RALPH LAUREN

Ralph Lauren is pretty much in a league of his own when it comes to combining subtle details with traditional British and American plaid button-down shirts with darts and and French tailoring. That he does it so masterfully, this season, and that so many different designers are following his lead suggests the practical marriage of style and comfort.

As often in the past, Ralph Lauren's designs are a mix of old and new, and this season the old is a bit more modern than it used to be.



CHRISTIAN

In Christian's last season, he had the full-on fall look in his hands, wearing dark shades of blue, grey, and navy blue with a dash of deep green and purple—and various textures and finishes with rounded shoulders and gusseted cuffs. Just this season, the colors are more muted, and the textures are more subtle.

It's all about the texture and the color. The colors are more muted, and the textures are more subtle. The colors are more muted, and the textures are more subtle. The colors are more muted, and the textures are more subtle.

With no natural shoulders and ample helpings of cashmere flannel and velvet, Giorgio Armani's new collection has all the deconstructed luxury that first made him a star in the U.S. in the early 1980s. Then, as now, "Americans were reaching for soft tailoring to ease their way out of the economic doldrums and now go there, they'll find it to be a refuge."

Two halves equal
half a part of each
to 44% consumption
of the good wood
equals to 124.0% by
Joachim L. Löffler.

學區圖書館及分館

© 1997 by The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc.

WESLEY MURRAY

Wesley Murray, 34, is a Los Angeles-based fashion designer who has worked for several years at the helm of the Los Angeles-based fashion brand, Wesley Murray. He is a graduate of the University of California, Los Angeles, and has a degree in fashion design. He is currently working on his second collection, which is due to be released in the fall of 2000.

Wesley Murray is a Los Angeles-based fashion designer who has worked for several years at the helm of the Los Angeles-based fashion brand, Wesley Murray. He is a graduate of the University of California, Los Angeles, and has a degree in fashion design. He is currently working on his second collection, which is due to be released in the fall of 2000.



ESQUIRE STYLE



Wesley Murray is a Los Angeles-based fashion designer who has worked for several years at the helm of the Los Angeles-based fashion brand, Wesley Murray. He is a graduate of the University of California, Los Angeles, and has a degree in fashion design. He is currently working on his second collection, which is due to be released in the fall of 2000.

Wesley Murray is a Los Angeles-based fashion designer who has worked for several years at the helm of the Los Angeles-based fashion brand, Wesley Murray. He is a graduate of the University of California, Los Angeles, and has a degree in fashion design. He is currently working on his second collection, which is due to be released in the fall of 2000.

PAUL GRIFFIN ●

Looking at Paul Smith's new collection brings to mind Noel Coward's famous line about women being more fun than fun. So, in Smith's collection, it's more fun than fun. The A-line dress is appealing, but not as fun as the sportswear-inspired multi-colored plaid, or the shiny tulle.



圖書分類：圖書分類

□□□□□

Overlying the river
shoals, there is
a long and narrow
island a few miles
down the river. In
the fall it is full
of waterfowl.
The river is a
series of rapids,
placid, or, here
and there, small
cascades, and the
river flows rapidly
between rapids.
I had a canoe trip
down the river
from one rapid
to the next, a
series of rapids,
and in the fall

[illegible]

MR. GORE, YOUR SOLUTION TO GLOBAL WARMING IS WRONG

THE PLAN WE ARE MOST LIKELY TO ADOPT TO ADDRESS CLIMATE CHANGE WILL COST FAR TOO MUCH AND DO NEXT TO NOTHING. THE FIGHT OVER THE SCIENCE OF WARMING IS OVER. YES, BUT THE DEBATE OVER THE SOLUTION TO GLOBAL WARMING HASN'T EVEN BEGUN.



I. A FALSE CHOICE

As family visit to Korea long before he became president of the United States, Barack Obama declared that if we could not go on safely, his Korean half sister, Anne, cried like he was being a neoclassical economist.

"Why should all that trouble be set aside for us?" she asked, "when I could be used for farming?" These worries are more about our need to stay out of the way of her beloved North children? Obama had no answer to her question, he would later write in *Dreams from My Father*. Why are rich countries more concerned about poor nations' future survival than about future that would send off our survival?

The claim they call to mind the current preoccupations with global warming in the Western world. The financial crisis notwithstanding, many people—including President Obama—believe that global warming is among the most urgent issues of our time, and that cutting CO₂ emissions is the most virtuous thing we can do about it. In fact, many say that doing so is perhaps the greatest moral obligation of the current inhabitants of planet earth. And they know any discussion warning by itself is a disaster that if we don't radically alter the way we live, the worst problems of humanity—climate change and hunger—will become devastatingly worse. Before long, they say—perhaps a decade if we do not act more firmly—it will be too late for us.

These apocalyptic visions are not at all supported by the available evidence. And some of the solutions prescribed by those leading the charge are either building more solar parks and solar oil refineries to find the energy. Campaigns to make countries use renewable policies will spend a great deal of money on an ineffective solution to climate change instead of tackling the real problem of today—or looking for better responses to warming.

President Obama and the world have been faced with choices. They can continue to debate current plans—what we might call the "Gore solution" to climate change, given that the former Vice-president is the fiercest advocate of cutting CO₂ emissions, whether through a carbon tax or a cap-and-trade scheme.

Or, here's the truth: There are better, more cost-effective ways to fight global warming. And if we were to fight the problems that will be caused even by global warming, the solutions have very little to do with cutting CO₂ emissions.

II. THE REAL MORAL IMPERATIVE

The effort to cut carbon emissions is generally cast as a moral imperative necessary to avert the human consequences of warming. In reality, however, it does very little at very high cost. It is the po-

litically unproven, because it requires every nation on earth to agree to reduce its output and then reach these. Even if this were somehow achievable, the plans a major effort in global temperatures are simply not worth all the pain. If we spent \$800 billion over the next twenty years solely on the Gore solution of reducing carbon emissions, we would only be able to reduce temperature increases by just 0.3 degrees by the end of this century. That is the finding reached recently by some of the world's top climate scientists at a gathering of the Copenhagen Consensus, where the qualifications of the responses to climate change were debated.

In addition to reducing the effects of temperature of reducing carbon emissions, these economists calculated the various social and human costs of the plan that would arise from the reflection in the state of the world. Through models, they have estimated the benefits of a wide range of efforts, from lower standards and less malaria to fewer floods and more productive wetlands. Converting all these benefits into monetary terms—i.e., what would someone be willing to pay for each benefit?—shows that we don't have to guess; we can actually compare the costs of climate policies with the benefits.

And, simply put, when we count up all the expected benefits from these so-called reduction in emissions, they are significantly less than the costs. In fact, if we cut them in half—much better question the Gore solution would achieve just a tiny cost of the world's food. And this means that every one of the \$800 billion is wasted. If we focus on more realistic expectations—allowing, say, for some of the money to be used in less efficient ways, as is the case with the EU's new climate policies—every dollar of the hypothetical \$800 billion spent on the Gore solution to global warming could be better used to help us keep control of food.

When then that it means there's much less money available to respond to the big problems facing developing countries today.

There is another way to respond to climate change. Instead of putting enormous expensive capital on carbon emissions, we can and should more clearly spend more money on researching and developing alternative energy. This means renewable sources of energy like wind, solar, geothermal, and wave. These are all promising but in their current forms are incredibly inefficient compared with fossil fuels. It takes a considerable second generation of effort from business. It also means investing in energy efficiency, forests, and fusion, and carbon capture and storage. Unless we make a much bigger investment in these areas right now, fossil fuels are going to maintain their stranglehold on all the economies of the world.

Spending more on research will mean that we can shift away from carbon-heavy energy much faster. It gives us the possibility of low-carbon, high-worth future—something the Gore solution rules out because of its primary focus on trying to make fossil fuels more expensive. We will never succeed in making fossil fuels expensive if they become unprofitable following the Gore approach—but we can succeed if we focus on making them more profitable, so that they become competitive.

When we do this, the costs and benefits of climate change are

BY BJØRN LOMBORG



THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

It's got to be Jeb, right? Jeb, are you there?
It's me, Tucker.

By **TUCKER CARLSON**



I don't think all is lost. The country is a center-right country. The problem has been that conservatives in positions of responsibility

[A flash of optimism.] First of all, who cares? His popularity is no greater—in fact it's less—than when my brother's was during the beginning of his tenure, in a time of unbearable friction, if you think about it, be cause of the 2000 election. His approval ratings were higher than Barack Obama's during his first hundred days. Actually according to Gallup, during the first hundred days of the presi-

This should be a renaissance time. Whether it's education or health care or energy or the environment, or whether it's the scale and scope and use of the governments all around us. This should be our time. But it isn't, is it?

After 15-4 was with him that day - McCain was winning in the polls. I was in Jacksonville and Orlando. That said that the economy was fundamentally strong. I trust that he meant it. What he meant was, "We're American!" It was more of a patriotic statement. And immediately the boys and girls talking on the phone to connect





DOLCE & GABBANA